

GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

"INDEPENDENT"

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IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME I.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1858.

NUMBER 1.

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

Office, on Washington Street,
in a lower story, opposite the Post-Office.

Rates of Advertising.

	1w	4w	3m	6m	9m	12m
square	\$1	\$4	\$12	\$24	\$36	\$48
column	2	8	24	48	72	96
line	4	16	48	96	144	192
month	7	28	84	168	252	336

Twelve lines or less (Mason) make 1 square.
Business Cards, not exceeding six lines, \$3.00.
Advertisements unaccompanied with written
or verbal directions, will be published until
ordered out, and charged for. When a post-
script is added to an advertisement, the whole
will be charged, the same as for the first insertion.
Letters relating to business, to receive atten-
tion, must be addressed to the Publishers.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Jurtis W. Gray, Sheriff of Ottawa
County, Grand Haven, Mich.

James P. Scott, Clerk and Register
of Ottawa County, and Notary Public. Office
at the Court House.

Timothy Fletcher, Treasurer of
Ottawa County, and Notary Public. Office
at the Court House.

Augustus W. Taylor, Judge of
Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address
Ottawa County, Court days, First and Third
Mondays of each Month.

J. D. Vandervoort, Justice of the
Peace and Land Agent. Office in his new build-
ing, opposite the Post-Office, Washington St.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

James Sawyer, County Surveyor.
Post-Office Address: Eastmanville, Ottawa
County, Mich.

Wm. H. Parks, Attorney and Coun-
selor at Law. Office on Washington Street, op-
posite 1st Cong. Church.

Atwood & Akeley, Counselors at
Law. Office 2nd door above the News Office,
Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon.
Office, second door above News Office, Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon.
Office at his residence, Washington Street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Henry Griffin, Druggist, Commis-
sion Merchant and General Agent. Corner of
Washington and 1st Street.

Wm. M. Ferry Jr., Manufacturer
of Stationary and Marine, high or low pres-
sure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass
Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburg,
Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand
Haven, Mich.

William Wallace, Greaser and Pro-
vision Merchant. One door below the Post
Office, Washington Street.

Cutler, Warts & Stedman, Deal-
ers in General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt,
Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath. Water St.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

Rhodes & Co., Wholesale and Retail
Grocers, Provisions and Feed Dealers, First
Street, Grand Haven.

Jas. Patterson, Dealer in Newspa-
pers, Periodicals, School Books, Stationery,
Yankee Notions, Tobacco, Cigars, Candies,
Nuts, &c.; Also, a choice assortment of Hol-
iday Presents. First door below Griffin's Drug
Store, Washington Street.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer
in Gentle Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cas-
simeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St.
next door to the Drug Store.

J. & F. W. Pechheimer, Merchant
Tailors, Dealers in Ready-Made Clothing and
Gentle Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cas-
simeres, Vestings, &c. At the Post-Office, Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven.

Porters & Mathison, Manufactur-
ers of and Dealers in Clothing Goods. No. 16,
Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ferry & Co., Manufacturers of Lum-
ber, Lath, Timber, Pickets, &c., and Dealers
in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions, Shin-
gle Halls and Shingles. Ferryville, White
River, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shin-
gles, Lath, Pickets, Timber, &c. Business Of-
fice, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and
236, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Boot & Shoe Manufacturing and Re-
pairing Shop, (up stairs,) over Wallace's
Store. Washington Street, Grand Haven.
E. KINNEY, Foreman. R. C. P.

Wm. Bentley's Billiard Saloon, (up
stairs,) second door East of the Ottawa House,
Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

E. W. Lewis, Proprietor of the Cot-
tage Saloon, is now prepared to serve up, on
short notice, Warm Meals, Oyster Stews, Pigs
Feet, Sardines, &c. &c. Saloon, near Singer's
Hall, Mill Point, Mich.

Echoes.

Mark! through Nature's vast cathedral,
Blended echoes ever rise;
Swelling in a mighty anthem
To its over-arching skies.

Every bird that sings in summer,
Every honey-laden bee,
Every squirrel in the forest,
Every cricket on the tree;

Every music-dropping fountain,
Every softly murmuring rill,
Every dark and foaming torrent,
Every water guided mill;

Every rain-drop on the house-top,
Every beetle's noisy drone,
Every footfall on the pavement,
Wakes an echo of its own.

Sobs of woe and songs of gladness,
Each responsive find;
Words of love and words of anger,
Leave their echoes far behind.

Every great and noble action
Is re-echoed o'er and o'er;
Life itself is but an echo—
Of the lives that were before.

"THE WONDER DOLLAR."

It was fair-day in Buchwald, and little
Friedel's mother tied on his best necker-
chief, gave him a great piece of cake,
stuck a dreier into his pocket (a coin; val-
ue, one cent,) and gave him leave to go
into the town to hear the music and enjoy
himself.

On his way he met his neighbor's son,
Hans, who sat by the roadside with a
long purse full of silver and copper pieces.
"See, Friedel," he called out, "all this
money is mine; I shall save all I can, and
at last buy me a farm to live on when I
am a man."

So Friedel pulled out his dreier, saying,
"I am not so rich as you and shall not
buy a farm, but only the gingerbread
man, and if you will come along you shall
have half."

Hans, who was by no means loth to
enjoy himself if it could be done without
trenching upon his own savings, rose to
go. Just then came along an old man
with a hand-cart, to which a great dog
was hitched. The old man halted to rest
himself, and the dog lay down in the dust
of the road and began a faint whine.

"The poor animal is tired and hungry."
Hans adroitly concealed his purse—
Friedel, on the contrary, offered the poor
dog his cake, which the latter ate with a
haste which attested the condition of
his appetite. The boy looked on with
great satisfaction. His companion had al-
ready gone away.

"You are kind to my dog," said the
old man; "perhaps you will be merciful
to me. I am tired and thirsty, and a
cup of beer would do me good, but I
have not a penny."

"That's soon helped," said Friedel,
good-naturedly. "Here is a dreier; that
will get you some beer."

A friendly smile enlivened the old
man's face. Looking after Hans he
asked,

"Why does your playmate leave you
so quickly? And what was it he hid
from me?"

"O," was the answer, "you must bear
with Hans! He has not half he needs
and can not give to others. He is going
to be a rich farmer, and has to save every
thing for that."

"And you?"

"O, I was going to buy a gingerbread
man; but I shall enjoy it quite as much
if you drink your beer."

"You are a good boy—come and show
me the way into the village."

But as they rose to start the dog tore
the ropes, and with a few bounds was
away into the forest.

"Let him go," cried Friedel to the old
man, who was starting off in chase.—
"He'll come back presently, and mean-
time I will take his place."

And so they dragged the car into the
village.

Now Hans had gone before, and when
they stopped at the inn-door he was just
lying out a silver piece upon a huge gin-
gerbread man, which, with his back to the
generous Friedel, he began to eat. But
when he tried to bite into the cake he
found it always away from his teeth, and
to his rage and mortification, though he
could get no taste into his mouth, at ev-
ery bite a piece of cake disappeared, till
presently, to the amusement of a crowd
of lookers-on, the entire gingerbread man
was gone, without Hans having tasted or
swallowed a morsel of it. The greedy
and disappointed boy now turned to the
woman who had sold him the cake and
demanded another; but, amid the laugh-

ter of his companions, she gave him in-
stead a brick box on the ear, and sent him
about his business.

Friedel was about to follow and com-
fort him, when the old man begged him
to stay and guide him on the road to the
next village. Now, when they had gone
a little way on the road, the dog came
back, and being hitched to his old place
his owner declared that he could well
enough get along alone.

"Thanks, my little boy," said he, "and
here is a pocket-piece," giving him a large
coin; "if you use this rightly you will be
rich and happy."

Whereupon they parted, and Friedel
went on his way home thinking on his
funny adventure.

Presently he saw Hans yet sitting by
the wayside, weeping for the loss of his
cake.

"Do not grieve so about the stupid
gingerbread and the box on the ears."

"It was all your fault. That old beg-
gar was the one who played me that trick.
You are always running after beggars."

"Don't believe it. The old fellow was
good enough. See what a pretty play-
thing he gave me!"

Now, Hans no sooner set eyes upon
the coin than he determined to have it,
and said:

"You ought to give me that to make
up for the gingerbread; but I will give
you some money for it."

"Keep your money. I'll give you this
if you want it, if you will only stop cry-
ing."

So Hans pocketed the strange coin, and
the two boys played peacefully together
till it was time to go home.

But from that time it began to be
whispered in the village that the father
of Hans must have found treasure; for
he bought lands and cattle, and was
shortly so rich that he became magistrate
of the village. But as his riches so also
his pride and greed increased. Shortly
Hans was no more allowed to play with
Friedel, the son of the poor laborer.—
And so the years flew on.

Hans was now magistrate, his father
an honest man, and lived in the little old
house, where he faithfully took care of his
mother. Hans had the largest estate,
the finest house, and the fattest cattle in
all the country. But he had grown up a
miser, full of forebodings of evil to his
possessions. An overcast sky threatened
ruin to his crops; a late frost might kill
his seed-corn; thieves might break in at
night; and these and many more fears
made his nights sleepless and his days un-
easy, his temper tyrannical, his servants
remiss, and finally, after some years of
unjoyful possession, threw him into a fe-
ver, of which the village leech declared
he could not be cured. Hereupon the
dying man caused Friedel to be called to
his bedside and said to him, taking him
by the hand:

"See, my friend, I have cheated you.
I am to die, and must do you justice.—
That which once you thought a plaything
was in fact a dollar. I took it to my
father, telling him I had found it. But
when I looked at it again I found another
lying beside it; and so, whenever I look-
ed, behold another dollar! So my father
knew it for a wonder-dollar, and forbade
me to say anything about it, and thence
came all our riches. But it has gone with
my possession as aforetime with my gin-
gerbread man. I have owned without
enjoying, much as I desired it. All, how-
ever, belongs to you, and I declare it here
before the judge."

So saying the poor man died, and
Friedel became the possessor of all the
wealth, which he now saw had been in-
tended for him by the poor carman, who
was doubtless none else than Rubenzahl.
But he regarded himself as only the
steward of his vast possessions, and ap-
plied himself diligently to relieving the
poor and needy, permitting no suffering
persons to turn away from his house.—
And so the curse was lifted from these
possessions, the fields bore more plenti-
fully than ever, all his enterprises succeed-
ed, and honest Friedel was beloved by
all who knew him.

So he lived long in honesty and mer-
cy; and often when, after a day of good
deeds, he sat in the twilight in the gate-
way of his possessions smoking his tran-
quil evening pipe, it seemed to him as
though the dimly-outlined form of the old
carman passed by in the gloaming and
gave him a friendly nod.

H. U. Onderdonk, formerly Epis-
copal Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylva-
nia, died on the 6th inst.

For the Grand Haven News.

FRIEND BARKS:—I have just learned
that you have made all necessary arrange-
ments, and you now are engaged in set-
ting the type for a paper in our village.
I am heartily glad to hear it. Having
been a subscriber and reader of your for-
mer paper, I can well judge of the char-
acter of the matter forming the pages
of the new sheet, hereafter to be issued
under your supervision.

Although I could conscientiously quar-
rel with your political creed, yet the
"Times" was ever welcome to my fire-
side. It always contained articles, both
editorial and selected, of a healthy tone,
calculated to improve the mind, and ce-
ment, rather than sever, the social feel-
ings of our little community.

It is an easy matter for a village paper
to do great injustice, within its scope,
to individuals, as well as a community,
both by intention and misstatement of
facts, brought about, often times, by ne-
glecting to examine sufficiently into the
truth of rumors, those undefined objects
of criticism and attack.

I do not wish to be understood that
wrongs, disturbance, lawlessness, or im-
moralities should be winked at or smother-
ed; but I do believe in having the lash
of publicity felt where justice and truth
demand, even if it should be upon the
shoulders of the self-conceited journalist.
I fully believe it the duty of a public
journal to chronicle, in a suitable manner,
that which is a detriment to the prosper-
ity of a community, or to call upon the
public, if need be, to correct every spe-
cies of evil, whenever and wherever
it may show its front.

But I do not believe in a public jour-
nalist, in the closet of his

own sanctum, denouncing the public for
non-interference in matters that need the
hand of justice, when he, perhaps, is the
only one who has knowledge of the infrac-
tion of the rules of order or decorum.—
Let him take the weapons that must be
used by other citizens, and by a little la-
bor and expense prove preaching by prac-
tice. The public journalist is not en-
throned above other citizens in a demo-
cratic community to "say to this man go,
and he goeth; and to another come, and
he cometh." Let example be recorded,
put in motion by the impulse of the mind
distressed for the welfare of a community,
and if it be anything beyond the narrow
compass of a biased mind, or misinfor-
med judgment, the public will sustain the
medium of action from a sunny or out-
rage.

If, perchance, the journalist, in
pursuit of "items," is a witness to scenes
of immorality or obscenity, he can not be
justified in making public such discoveries,
as chargeable to a community, without
first ascertaining how far the knowledge
of such facts extend.

If he exposes wrong, let him, without
a charge of neglect of duty, on the part
of others, prosecute the perpetrators of
such deeds which carry to his nostrils
such a sickening odor. It does not
appear just, nor is it right for him, with
the power of the press, if, in his daily
walks, visitations on business, by accident,
or otherwise, discovers dens of immorali-
ty and infamy, to charge upon a commu-
nity, who are lovers of morality, as well
as himself, the sin of their existence
among them, when they are innocent,
and that, too, by profound ignorance of
such places of resort. It is not right to
charge upon those who have grown gray
in their labors for a well regulated com-
munity, to be accused of winking at the
wickedness, brought in perhaps with the
demands of progression in improvements,
which cause alone, perhaps, induced the
journalist himself to raise his standard.
It should be remembered that as man

grows old he seeks, or rather loves retire-
ment. He prefers seclusion, in a great
measure, from public affairs, and retires
from public acts. He looks to the young
men for action. He feels the truth of
the old adage, "Old men for counsel, and
young men for war." Days and weeks
of unlawful and unrighteous acts may be
publicly talked of, in almost every circle,
and the dismal rehearsal not reach his
ears. Therefore, if he has, by past faith-
fulness to the public interests, and a life
devoted to their advancement in civiliza-
tion and improvement, attained a name
at home among his fellow citizens, and
abroad among his friends and former ac-
quaintances, that is of good repute, the
journalist of to-day should be cautious,
through ignorance, misconception, or
misapplication, how he sends, broad-cast,
over the length and breadth of the land,
as if in clarion tones, denunciations that
may harrow the feelings at home, and
blacken in mental vision fair names
abroad.

Mr. Editor, I do not write this in the
capacity of your adviser. By no induc-
ement could I be placed in that capacity,
for such is not required of any one in
your behalf. I have only given vent to
feelings long cherished, and, if you consid-
er these few ideas, from your correspond-
ent, worthy a place in your first number
they are herewith presented for publica-
tion.

Yours,

A LOOKER-ON IN DENMARK.

Mill Point, Dec. 13, 1858.

A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.—A
Young medical student from Michigan,
who had been attending lectures in New
York, for some time, and considered him-
self one of the best men in the city, was
one day in the street, and saw a young
lady who was boarding in the same house
with him. After a prolonged siege the lady
surrendered.

They were married on Wednesday morn-
ing. The same afternoon the "young
wife" sent for and exhibited to the aston-
ished student a "beautiful little daugh-
ter," three and a half years of age.

"Good heavens! then you were a wid-
ow!" exclaimed the student.

"Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia,
my youngest; to-morrow, James, Augus-
tus and Reuben, will arrive from the coun-
try, and then I shall have my children
together once more."

The unhappy student replied not a
word; his feelings were too deep for ut-
terance. The next day the "darlings"
arrived. Reuben was six years old, James
nine, and Augustus a saucy boy of twelve.
They were delighted to hear they had a
"new papa," because they could now live
at home, and have all the playthings they
wanted! The "new papa," as soon as
he could speak, remarked that Augustus
and James did not much resemble Reu-
ben and Amelia.

"Well, no," said the happy mother,
"my first husband was quite a different
style of man from my second—complex-
ion, temperament, color of hair and eyes,
all different."

This was too much. He had not only
married a widow, but was her third hus-
band, and the astounded step-father of
four children.

"But her fortune," thought he, "that
will make amends." He spoke of her
fortune.

"These are my treasures," said she,
in the Roman matron style, pointing to
her children.

The conceit was now quite taken out
of the Michiganster, who, finding that he
had made a complete goose of himself,
at once retired to a farm in his native
State, where he could have a chance to
render his "boys" useful, and make them
sweat for the deceit practiced upon him
by their mother.

An advocate of total abstinence
was once urging a confirmed toper to
forego his favorite Monongahela, and to
substitute water in its stead, declaring
the claims water possessed over all other
fluids as a beverage. "I know," said
Tipsey, "water is a fine thing, but then
it is so bland!"

To cure the tooth-ache—let a
twenty pound weight fall upon your toes.

Schools and Newspapers.

To schools and newspapers civilization
owes its crown of intelligence. These are
the chief bulwarks of free society; the
mightiest secular agencies of Christen-
dom. Indebted to religion, perhaps, for
their better spirit and morality, it is not
exaggerating to say that religion is deep-
ly indebted for its diffusion to them.—
Both educators and disseminators, their
functions are still measurably different—
the school laying the basis of knowledge,
and the newspaper spreading knowledge,
with unparalleled speed and universality,
among men.

It is now four centuries and a year since
printing commenced its annals, with the
"Caxton," and some thousands of years
since book-making began, yet it is safe to
say that newspapers, within the half-a-
century past, have done more for the dif-
fusion of essential knowledge, and to make
it the common property and blessing of
mankind, than all the ages of books. So,
too, though universities date back into the
dimness of time, and academies are as
the "classic groves" of Hellas, modern
common schools have transcended them
all in universalizing intelligence. Schools
and newspapers are the grandest of new-
time institutions, and to show that they
are new-time we need but quote what
Governor Berkeley, of Virginia, wrote to
King Charles, in 1671: "I thank God
there are no free schools nor printing-
presses here, and I trust there will not be
these hundred years, for learning breeds
up heresies and sects, and all abominations.
God save us from both!"

And it was an hundred years, and
more, before free schools or newspapers
were at all common in our country, where
the hindrance to them have been least.—
But what a revolution since Berkeley's
day—in politics, government, newspapers,
and schools. Less than two centuries,
and the New World is rid of kings and
parliaments, and while every hamlet has
its free school—or school open to all—
there are near five thousand newspapers
published in the land. It is enough to
astonish.

And what a revolution since Berkeley's
day—in politics, government, newspapers,
and schools. Less than two centuries,
and the New World is rid of kings and
parliaments, and while every hamlet has
its free school—or school open to all—
there are near five thousand newspapers
published in the land. It is enough to
astonish.

THE LOWER CLASS.—Who are they?

The toiling millions, the laboring men
and women, the farmer, the mechanic, the
artisan, the inventor, the producer? Far
from it. These are Nature's nobility.—
God's favorites—the salt of the earth.—
No matter whether they are high or low
in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicu-
ous or humble in position, they are the
"upper circle" in the order of nature
whatever the factious distinctions of so-
ciety, fashionable or unfashionable de-
creed. It is not low, it is the highest duty,
privilege, pleasure, for the great man and
the whole soulful woman to earn what
they possess, to work their way through
life, to be the architects of their own for-
tune. Some may rank the classes we
have alluded to as only relatively low, and,
in fact, the middling classes. We insist
they are absolutely the very highest. If
there is a class of human beings on earth
who may be properly denominated low,
it is composed of those who consume
without producing, who dissipate the
earnings of their fathers or relatives with-
out being or doing anything in aid of
themselves.

NEW ROUTE TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

The Green Bay Advocate says that the
citizens of Milwaukee are working to the
importance of a new and quick route to
Lake Superior. The new route proposed
is by railroad from Milwaukee to Men-
asha, thence to Green Bay by boat, from
Green Bay to the head of Little Bay de
Noquet by steamer, thence to Grand
Island and Carp River by stage, the
roads from the two latter places uniting
in one 27 miles north of Little Bay de
Noquet, making the distance from that
place to Grand Island 42 miles and to
Carp River 52 miles. By this route pas-
sengers can comfortably go through from
Milwaukee to Lake Superior in 36 hours.
Confident expectations are entertained
that this route will be opened in the
spring.

He who pays more attention to
his hat than his head, shows which is
most prized.